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POEMS AND SELECTIONS

BY

JOHN GOODMAN.

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POEMS AND SELECTIONS

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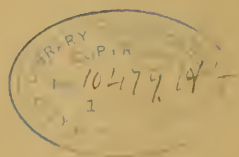
AN ADDRESS.

BY JOHN GOODMAN.

*Some of these Poems were printed in England, but not completed in
consequence of continued sickness, under the nom de plume of*

"JOHN MY-LORE."

33



CLEVELAND, O.:

ROBISON, SAVAGE & CO., PRINTERS AND STATIONERS.

1877.

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DEDICATED TO MY FIRST-BORN DAUGHTER, MARY ANN.

POEMS AND SELECTIONS.

THE FLORENTINE ROSE GIRL.

Written September 10th, 1874, at Long's Drug Store, Bryan, Williams County, Ohio.)

Vandini he galloped in haughty pride,
On the back of his coal black steed, did ride,
When a Florentine maid beyond compare,
With piercing black eyes, and bright auburn hair,
Appeared in his path, with a basket of roses ;
He reigned up his charger, flew to her side,
To the maid with passionate ardor cried,
Thy form is matchless, to love thee I dare:
Be constant ever, she said, or beware.
The thought in my brain to me discloses,
That he who steals and withers my posies,
Must beware of the *Thorn* hid 'neath my roses.

Oh! there was wild joy in that maiden's heart ;
The Moon shone brightly ; 'twas hard to part.
Vandini had sought, and obtained the pearls,
That were hidden beneath her clustering curls,
He sought for and found the Florentine's Rose ;

He kissed her farewell, and handed a dart,
 Saying, plunge this into Vandini's heart,
 Should he think of another, and thee forget.
 If thou art dishonored then pay the debt;
 Then to all mankind thou mayest disclose
 How in thy sad heart deep vengeance arose,
 Against Vandini, the false, who stole thy rose.
 In a village, a hundred miles away,
 Were rich cavaliers, and a cavalcade gay.
 A groom and a bride, both handsome and fair,
 But near the church door, one beyond compare,
 A statue did stand, with a young Moss Rose.
 The nightingale warbled its lovely lay,
 Young lambs, on the greensward, did skip and play,
 The bride when extatic received the dart
 As she asked for the rose, from a wounded heart.
 Vandini fell, but he quickly arose.
 When lightning-like, two Florentine blows
 Laid him dead at her feet, who held the Moss Rose.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

TO * * * *

I am with *thee* ever in beautiful dreams,
 With *thee* do I wander by silvery streams ;
 I sleep on *thy* bosom—'tis soft as the dove's—
 While we breathe to each other our passionate loves.

Waking or sleeping, I am dreaming of thee ;
Sleeping or waking, thou art thinking of me ;
While the stars in their glory are shining above—
Sleeping or waking, I dream of thy love.

A murmuring billow came over the sea,
My beautiful one, she hath spoken to me ;
Through the tear-drop I gaze—'tis a drop of pure dew,
The ray-light of love, when I'm thinking of you.

The pulses of time softly beat on my ear
As I wander and dream, love, of thee—my dear !
And I fancy the ripples that flow from this shore
Will waft *thee* to me, or carry *me* o'er.

Like the eye of Clotilda, the sky that's above,
Is blue, is Italian, is glowing with love !
When I gaze on its depths I think of my flower,
My fondness, so cruel, did drive from my bower.

Yes, yes ! we will wander—yes, we will stray
Through greenwoods and forests, and gather the May,
While Æolian zephyrs shall play at our feet,
As we sleep *heart to heart*, 'midst the violets sweet.

The waves kiss each other—I, in my dreams,
Am kissing *thee* ever, like bubbles in streams—
And the fondness they show when blended in one,
Is that which *we* felt in days that are gone.

On carpets of daisies, bordered with green,
We'll sleep, 'neath the light of night's beautiful queen,
In meadows by streams, near sweet flowery groves,
'Midst roses, sweet roses ! recounting our loves.

Then sleeping or waking all the night long,
 Embracing we'll list to the nightingale's song :
 Angels shall hover, and seraphs above
 Shall envy and hope for the bliss of our love.

JOHN MY-LORE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO,
 19th September, 1870.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

George Francis Train, disgusted at England for not receiving his street railway project, came to U. S. A., and, lecturing at Brainard's Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, said : "The English were a nation of cowards and slaves." I, in indignation, went to my store, 256 Superior St., and wrote as follows :

I am an Englishman, born and bred,
 It wounds my feelings to hear it said
 That that dear land of the free and the brave,
 Is the birthplace of the coward and slave.
 It is all very well for G. F. Train,
 From the windy cells of his flighty brain,
 To try to abuse with sarcastic speech
 A land that is far above *his* reach.
 His lecture was like a novel, when read,
 That is characterless, inert and dead—
 No zest when you rise on to-morrow morn;
 No new thought to your mind is born.
 Pigmies might battle with giants of old,
 Arabian Night tales oft are told.

But no well-trained sparrow would ever try
To mount and soar where the eagles fly;
One sun-ray would all their resources drain,
They would wither and fall like G. F. Train.
O, England! my dear, my native land!
All I can shield with my feeble hand,
All I can praise with my faltering tongue,
When thou doest right, shall be proudly sung.
To dream that the land of Byron and Locke
From thy puny arm could receive a shock;
To think that the land where Shakspeare was born
Would writhe for an instant beneath thy scorn!
Can Milton, or Shelley, or Newton, or Burns,
Lie unscathed in their peaceful urns?
Or, is it left for the moth of an hour
Vials of wrath on their manes to pour?
Must spleen, envenomed, be showered like rain
From the fetid pores of his bloodshot brain,
Who, because in England he could not rule,
Must seek the Far West to play the fool?
Are Britain's statesmen at length forgot?
Her great machinists, Arkwright, Watt—
Her Burkes, her Cannings, Peel, and Pitt,
Johnson, with Sheridanian wit—
Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt,
Blenheim, and Gibraltar's fort;
Their grand old ships, and each wonderful crew,
And Wellington in Spain and Waterloo;
Their hundred battles by sea and land;
Their Marlborough, Nelson, and that band
Who fought like gods when their leader blundered—
Each man a *Ney*—the noble Six Hundred!

What an insult it was for G. F. Train
To venture here with infantile brain,
To teach an audience erudite,
Who to him have listened in vain to-night.
To browbeat a nation that rules the world
By the moral greatness she hath unfurled:
Whose empire fades not beneath the sun—
And whose noble career hath but begun.
Her people were savage the other day,
When the Romans held the isle in sway,
But blending the twain with the Saxon race,
Their barbarism hath left no trace ;
The sires of those knights who wore the Garter
Won from King John the Magna Charta,
And all the famous laws and codes
Which Freedom gives—the charts, the roads—
To all the glorious liberties we prize,
Were fought for and won beneath English skies.
Look around, and see from what parent stock
Is your audience here, and scan the flock—
Some Scotch, some Manx, and Irish, I find,
Yet the English descent count all combined ;
All the language, the art, the skill,
The persevering determined will,
That energy which prevaieth o'er
Impediments great—the Excelsior !
Comes from that grand old Saxon race
No G. F. Train can ever deface.
They will be noble when *he* is dead ;
They will be brave when all *he's* said
Will be light as the ashes of his cigar,
When *Boreas* comes in his rushing car.

'Tis a waste of words, for they cannot fall
To vegetate on a mind so small.
'Twas a mishap sure, that Wilkes—in the “Trent”—
Produced the misfortune *we* underwent ;
Yet *we* made the Austrian toe the mark,
When he tried in his ports to play the shark.
No doubt, had the rebels caught Salmon Chase
On an English brig, and given it chase—
And it a neutral from neutral shores—
And ta'en him prisoner, with a nation's encores.
Our mother had made the same demand,
To have him placed at her command.
We are both one people, both one race,
Each hath a Saxon and Celtic trace—
We must love each other, the young and old—
Each people is warlike, loving, and bold !
The wailing cry,* borne on the Eastern wind,
Responded to, shows that our hearts are kind.
Let the Eagle and Lion shake paws and claws,
And united remain in humanity's cause !
Let no angry word from your lips again
Be passed, that you hear from G. F. Train.

JOHN MY-LORE.

256 SUPERIOR STREET,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

*The appeal of the Cotton Spinners of Lancashire, responded to
by contributions from the United States.

REFUGEES FROM THE SOUTH.

[Written in 1864.]

Like that sad time when Israel's children toiled,
Driven like beasts, urged on by murd'rous lash
To Babylonia, from their native homes,
Tired, faint, and thirsty, hungering for food,
Until, life-wearied, they lay down and died ;
Or, like the Britons, who, driven o'er the sea,
Bereft of titles, castles, home and lands,
Settled in wild woods near the coast of Gaul ;
Or Huguenots, who fled from guilty France
To be supported on a foreign soil—
So the poor sorrowing victims of the South,
Who flee from untold tyranny and wrong,
Leave their oppression for the pitying North.
Oh ! what a ruin hath the South become,
Because she wished to bolster up her sin—
Her institution, rotten at the core,
Which the fierce blast prevailing o'er the land
Will split and splinter and finally uproot.
Conscription, rude conscription, in the South
Spare not the sorrowing father or the son,
Takes food and cattle, implements and arms,
Then burning up their produce and their homes,
Sends forth the mother and her babe to die.

JOHN MY-LORE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO,
1861.

ON JESUS CHRIST.

What wonders hath the chosen race produced!
Think of their Moses, who gave forth the law
To rule and guide the actions of mankind
Through decade centuries of time—David,
Who in Psalms and Songs doth so electrify,
Or soothe, or raise the human heart, that all
Who readeth remember them for ever;
King Solomon, who in his wisdom saw
The inward promptings of that human heart,
Told of tenderness none but mothers feel;
Isaiah, by his writings most sublime,
Is quite unequaled, and no modern man
Would dare presume his equal e'er to be;
But the great Israelite, the Bethlehemite,
The One pre-eminent, the One alone,
The Meteor-star, the ever-shining Light,
The Man—who fashioned acts of modern times,
Who fashioned thoughts which will through time
prevail—

He who hath taught pure morals to mankind—
He who was firm beyond Temptation's power—
He who for comeliness so far surpassed
All mortals born, that well might they apply
To Him, that He should thus henceforth be known
As Jesus Christ, the well-known Son of God.
If any nation e'er had cause for joy,
If any nation e'er had cause for pride,
It is the Jewish—for among her sons
The greatest Teacher of mankind was born;

Although whilst living not well understood,
 For all the race were deeply steeped in sin:
 That His great self-denial, His great love,
 They could not comprehend—absorbed in trade,
 And sensual through their luxury and wealth—
 Such unselfishness they could not realize,
 Nor comprehend the Saviour's purity;
 His new commandment of eternal love,
 His new doctrine of forgiveness ever,
 His kindly feelings to a little child,
 His manly shieldings of the fallen ones,
 His simple-mindedness, his childlike ways,
 While filled with knowledge that amazed them all;
 For He in disputations so excelled
 That *all* the learned doctors of the law
 Gave Him precedence in the House of God;
 His prayer to Heaven, when nailed upon the tree—
 "Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

JOHN MY-LORE.

256 SUPERIOR STREET,
 CLEVELAND, OHIO, APRIL 1ST, 1860.

SCHILLER AND MARY VON ARNIM.

[Written at the Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum, Dec. 9th, 1873, in
 Ward 9.]

Mary Von Arnim gazed in Schiller's face,
 Her lovely form like Juno's did appear;
 She also seem'd a Venus, and each grace
 In her most wondrous loveliness you'd trace.

None ever equalled her's, except Poppea,
Rome's proud beauty, or Beatrice Cenci,
The noblest Latin woman born ; whose cry
Of anguish, when her lustful father tried
Her honor to o'ercome, her virtuous pride,
Hunger and curses and foul blows withstood,
Although her thoughts, in dreams, were all of blood;
Until the demon fierce, raised in her breast,
Slew her own father, her friends deemed it best.
And when the Popish tyrant, cruel, fell,
Sent her to prison, made that prison hell,
Her heart was rent, as Mary's heart was rent,
When she to tell her love to darling Schiller went.

You do not love me, Mary, never did ;
Your heart 's an icicle, it cannot warm
With love's consuming fires. You wish to rid
Me of your presence ; your celestial charm
Stole to my heart, hiding itself away
Deep in the core of cores ; the holiest ray
From love's abiding place was only thine ;
Thou wert the polished diamond from the mine.
Now art Pandora's box, hast op'ed the lid,
And like the snakes, Medusa's head doth swarm ;
You send ten thousand horrors, these amid
My joyousness, for never would'st thou harm
My sensitiveness could your cunning play
Upon my heart, and warm without a ray.
Your object was to rid, to keep away
The poor intruder. Marry whom you will ;
The heartfelt love of Schiller Mary will have still.

JOHN MY-LORE.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

SCENE—*Evesham Vale, near Gloucester Road, on the Avon River. Large Oak Tree: Knight Asleep.*

THE KNIGHT AND THE FAIRY.

Fairy. Brave Knight, will you not come with me
To the bright green spots beneath the sea,
Where, on coral hills, in a sea-moss grove,
We can revel in the delights of love?

Knight. O, no, sweet Fairy! watery queen
Of the bright spots of emerald green!
There is one who dwells in yon vale below,
Whom I love so well that I cannot go.

Fairy. Brave Knight, pray look at my beautiful eyes,
There are none more lovely beneath the skies;
Look at my tresses—angelic, divine—
For none on this earth can compare with mine.

Knight. O, beautiful Fairy! pray tempt me not,
Or perpetual anguish will be my lot,
For my black-eyed maiden doth love me so
With her whole heart, that I dare not go.

Fairy. Brave Knight, just place your lips to mine,
The nectar you'll sip will be divine;
Or lay your head on my bosom bare,
'Twill soothe you to love, and hide your care.

Knight. Were I to prove false to the maid I love—
To my nightingale, my turtledove—
Her days would be sorrow, her nights be woe;
So, celestial Fairy, I must not go.

Fairy. Brave Knight, pray look at my brow, 'tis so fair
That no mortal one can with mine compare;
With an infinite mind to teach thee lore,
That cannot be taught on thy earthly shore.
Brave Knight, think you not my features di-
vine?
No mortal's e'er were as classic as mine:
Alabaster is white, yet not half so fair
As, tresses removed, are my shoulders bare.
Brave Knight, pray encircle my swan-like neck.
Time cannot alter, no sorrow can wreck;
Let face, form, and features, belong all to thee:
Come, dwell with me, Knight, in the deep, blue
sea.

Knight. O, I loved my Marie when quite a child,
We climbed together the mountains wild—
I loved her, when, wet with the sunny showers.
We made wreaths of myrtle, garlands of flow-
ers—
I loved her when first we began to know
The road which the virtuous ever should go—
Sat with her and loved her in sylvan scenes,
Had the bliss that is told of by fairy queens—
I've loved her for ever, and told my love,
And sworn by what's sacred, below and above,
To shield her through life from danger and woe;
So, water-nymph, leave me, I'm lost if I go.

Fairy. Brave Knight, I will build, in the deep blue sea,
A castle of gold, love, for thee and me,
On an island that's covered with fruits and
flowers—

With jessamine hedges and myrtle bowers;
It shall be inlaid with diamonds bright,
And enfrosted silver to shade their light;
With topaz and agate I'll pave each floor,
Hang on hinges of gold each silver door,
And each window shall be a crystal clear
To let in the sunlight on thee, my dear!
I will gather the down from the eider's wing,
The gossamer web from afar I'll bring;
Make pillows to lay on an opal frame;
Have lamps that shall burn with a sapphire
flame;
The roof shall be wrought from an emerald
green,
To temper the glare of the sunny sheen;
The birds shall sing sweetly all the night long,
With notes far excelling the nightingale's song,
And my naiads they shall play soft music to
thee,
If you will go and dwell in the bright blue sea.

Knight. Fairy, sweet fairy, you promise so much,
Electrical fire is felt in your touch.
What rapture 'twould be to sleep in the arms
Of one who possesses such exquisite charms!
Celestial! you know poor mortals are weak—
Perfume of your breath is fanning my cheek—
Through my veins is raging pure heavenly fire!

My brain is reeling with ardent desire!
Think me not weak, expressing my wishes,
I'm longing to melt beneath heavenly kisses!
Tell me, enchantress, 'tis wrong to feel so,
And help me to say that I will not go.

Fairy. I'll have baths of dewdrops from flowery cells,
And essence of honey from cowslip bells,
Will lull thee with music from rocky caves
That is borne by shells on the bright green
waves.

An infant's skin is not softer than mine,
No finger so taper—arm so divine,
No bosom so heaving with love's sweet fires,
Kindling for ever such ardent desires!
Your life shall be one of bliss so supreme,
Surpassing all pleasures of which you dream;
Forgetful of earth, all moments of joy,
Indulging in happiness never to cloy;
With feelings unchanged I will ever love thee,
If you will go and dwell in the bright blue sea.

The Knight drooped his head on her bosom
bare,
And mingled his locks with her golden hair:
Their glances met first, then their cherry lips,
And they drank in the nectar in burning sips;
Around the Knight's neck were her bare white
arms

Pressed close to her bosom and beautiful charms.
Forgot were the vows he to Marie had given,

The bliss he enjoyed—'twas Eden ! 'twas
Heaven!

With arms twined around him—caressing the
Knight,

His face on her bosom—prepared for flight,
Her eyes speaking love, as she watched awhile
The sweet sleeping Knight with his beautiful
smile,

She waked him again, and hour after hour
They, reveling in love, with kisses devour—
Indulging in draughts no mortal could bear;
At length were reposing this beautiful pair!

* * * * *

The Fairy and Knight passed a mountain high
Whose peak appeared almost to reach the sky.
As they looked up from a mossy green dell
Where the mermaids did sport and love to
dwell,

On the other side were, pellucid and green,
The most beautiful sights he yet had seen;
The gay plumage of birds in Indian climes,
Or the tones of the bells of village chimes,
Or the lulling music of murmuring streams,
Or the beautiful fancies of poets' dreams,
Or the harmonized sounds of a thousand choirs,
Or the intense feelings and soft desires
Which pervade the minds of a new-wed pair,
Or the sweet perfumes of Araby air,
Or the language which flows from a lover's
tongue,

Ne'er equal the sights that are yet unsung!

The rich rainbow colors of prised light
Were all interspersed in these waters bright.
Fishes that swam in this beautiful sea
Were of crystallized clear *transparency*!
Like pure virgin gold was each spinal bone,
Around each neck was an emerald zone,
Their tails were like *silver* enfrosted white,
Their eyes were like *rubies* glistening bright—
Each scale like a *gem*, as the waters they lave,
As varied as any *mosaic* pave;
Each fin, as they passed through the waters
cold,
Was like chequered pearl and filigree gold;
They sported 'neath branches of *coral* red
Near shells of *opal* in their shallow bed,
'Midst sea-weeds green, which were waving in
curls,
Festooned and mingled with clustering *pearls*!
The *baby mermaids* from under the hill—
Bewildered with beauty—would swim so still,
Lest they might frighten the fishes away
That they could not see them another day;
Through their ringlets of gold and near their
eyes
Would these fishes sport, with their jeweled
dyes,
And ere the bright sun was shrouded from sight
With their silvery tails would touch them Good
Night!

JOHN MY-LORE.

WRITTEN AT 256 SUPERIOR STREET,
CLEVELAND, OHIO, APRIL 1ST, 1860.

TO LONGFELLOW.

Art thou that mortal of whom it is told
That thy thoughts are purer than virgin gold ?
Art thou the Longfellow of whom men tell
That thy tones are sweet as a silver bell ?
Art thou that great poet who can disclose
Pure love in the heart of a new-blown rose ?
Art thou the philosopher who can scan
The innermost thoughts of thy fellow man ?
Is it shown to your vision, before your eyes,
What longs for a resting-place in the skies ?
Can Longfellow tell why the learned and brave
Show such discontent at their earth-bound grave ?
No wonder men praise thee with fragrant breath,
If thou knowest so much of life and death !
The world may Deify *you*—*you* die,
Yet sink not unnoticed, as worms, or I.
When thou wast a babe at thy mother's breast,
And she softly cradled thee there to rest,
Was it in thy vision, couldst thou see clear
What made *thee cling* so to thy mother dear ?
(Thy mind was a blank) it is plainly seen
'Twas warmth like the sun's, the bright summer's
 sheen ;
Thou knowest it now, yet knew it not then ;
Yet still thou art great midst thy fellow men.
Shelley arose like a spirit of light,
Through bright realms of fancy *he* took his flight ;
And all that is known in poetic lore
Bysshe Shelley's pure spirit hath traversed o'er ;

Till *you* lose yourself in the azure ray,
Canst thou soar in the height of thy flight ?—O, say !
There is a circle of worlds, where glorious sights
Are seen by immortals—the uppermost heights—
Where, if one bright ray struck a mortal's eye,
It would wither—be dust ! and man would die !
Yet the time will come when the human race
With Gods in new worlds shall stand face to face—
After the millenium here hath been,
And the earth hath blent with night's beautiful queen,
Like ether ascending, until the twain
Are received on the surface of Sol again ;
Eternity's night will be turned to day,
And a thousand years as a single ray
Of the *infinite morning* will appear,
Refulgent, eternally brilliant, clear !
Then Jupiter, Saturn, Lucifer, Mars,
Mereury, Venus, and all those bright stars,
The ancient Mythology, will be shown
As angelic beings around God's throne !

Pray, watch you the tiniest blade of grass,
That grows at your feet as you daily pass,
Then cover it over with wood or stone,
With the costliest gem, or a golden throne—
Plead with it, and beg that there may be seen,
When the stone is removed, its natural green !
Go gather the priests of this modern world,
Let the banners of Jesus be unfurled !
Bring angels from Heaven, if they so desire,
Then surround the pale grass with miles of fire ;
Bring all the proud monarchs who ever were born,

With their marble hearts and unseemly scorn—
Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon the Great,
Attila the Hun, in his barbarous state ;
Bring the great Carthaginian, who once held Rome
In panic for years—yea, let them all come !
Bring Bajazet and the fierce Tamerlane ;
Bring old Cœur-de-Lion, and all whose fame
Hath ever yet gained them renown on earth ;
Bring high-minded men and women, whose worth
Shall live on for ever till time shall end—
Then ask all the poets, who ever could bend
The thoughts of a tyrant away to love,
And all the departed who reign above ;
Bring sculptors of old, who had power to impart
Almost human love to a marble heart,
With the far-famed skill of Phidias the Greek,
Who could carve like the lightning, and make the
 streak
Of the sunbeam warm up a marble cheek ;
That distance to chiselled statues would lend
The well-known form of some long-lost friend ;
Bring painters from every land and clime,
Who can portray nature, grand, sublime ;
Who can paint fresh bloom on a fair one's cheek,
Till you listen in awe to hear her speak ;
And depict such anguish in mouth and eye
That you bow in respect to hear her sigh ;
And portray what the heart hath plainly told,
Until her insensible form lies cold.
Tennyson, Taylor, nor Longfellow can
By no means exceed the power of man—

Each and all might try, but would have to pass,
For colorless still is the *blade of grass!*
Now remove the *stone* or the *golden thrône*,
The cause of its sickness is overthrown ;
And what all others lacked in strength and power
Is shown by the sun and an April shower ;
And the grass once more is now plainly seen
Waving erect with its beautiful green.
I see, and I know, and I plainly tell,
That the sun is heaven and cold is hell !

JOHN MY-LORE.

CORNER OF HILLIARD AND BRATTLE STREETS,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

March 12th, 1868.

JESUS PREACHING ABOUT THE LILY.

[Written upon a picture in Sargent's window on the main street,
Cleveland, O., by J. Goodman, on May 30, 1860, at 256 Superior st.]

There stood Jesus, by the River,
By the flowing Jordan's side,
As He preached about the Lily,
Which the water grew beside.

He stood erect, yet meek and Godlike,
As He, barefooted, trod the sod,
He looked like no other mortal—
Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

See the women, and their children,
How they gaze into *His* face ;
Listening to the inspiration,
As He speaks with Heavenly grace.

See the men, strong built and tawny—
Looking like a little child
Gazing at its Angel Mother,
While listening to her tones so mild.

We cannot speak the same of Moses,
For he an Egyptian slew ;
We cannot speak the same of David,
For he was a murderer too.

We cannot speak of good King Alfred,
Nor of Napoleon the Great,
For they committed deeds of slaughter
To benefit the church or state.

But *He*, who preached about the Lily,
Was an inoffensive man ;
And *He* taught, to us poor mortals,
The one great, good and glorious plan.

A new commandment He did utter,
Unto His lov'd earthly brother,
On which hangs the law and prophets :
Love ye, love ye one another.

He showed how old-fashioned notions
Must be clearly cast away,
To fit them for the after life
Of a coming, glorious day.

He also showed how worldly splendor,
Or any kind of human pride,
Was in *His* eye to goodness nothing,
So he e'er against them cried.

Then He taught the callous-hearted
To grant the *Mercy* they'd be shown,
And if any were less guilty,
Then let *him* only cast the stone.

And speaking of the lovely Lily,
The moral did His hearers please,
Said : "Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed like one of these."



BOADICEA OF ICENI IN BRITAIN.

[Written by John Goodman, at the Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum,
Newburgh, Ohio, March 8th, 1874, in Ward 9.]



Boadicea, Queen in Britain,
Of the ancient tribe Iceni,
Who formerly from Ithaca
Did leave the shores of ancient Greece,
Landed on the coast of Albion,
Then blended with the islanders,
Who, before the time of Caesar,
Came in wicker boats from Gaulland.

Boadicea of Iceni,
Beautiful, majestic woman ;
In the reign of monstrous Nero.

Emperor of all the Romans ;
In the reign of bloody Nero,
In an ignominious manner,
By an order of the cruel
Savage Roman monster, Nero,
She was scourged with cruel lashes
On her lovely naked shoulders,
In the presence of her daughters
And the warriors of Iceni.

In presence of the British tribes,
Her body bared before soldiers—
Rude, uncultivated soldiers—
Rude as barbarous Alaric ;
Before haughty Roman Legions,
Conquerors of the Iceni,
Conquerors of Southern Britain,
Near the town of Columbine.
Teeth of haughty Boadicea
Gnashed together in her madness.
She lifted up her bare right arm,
Called on all the gods to aid her ;
Jove, the Thunderer, high in heaven,
And his consort, wondrous Juno ;
Called on Mars, the mighty war god ;
Called on Venus, lovely Venus ;
Gods and goddesses to aid her ;
Called on them in tones of anguish,
Called on them in tones of madness ;
She called on them with woman's tears.
The beautiful Boadicea,
With a fire-brand fiercely flaming,

With her golden hair disheveled,
With her scarred and bloody shoulders,
Called upon her brave Iceni ;
Called upon the brave barbarians,
Noble-minded, high-souled Britons,
All to rise and fight for freedom ;
Called on them for to avenge her ;
Called on them to aid her vengeance,
To destroy the haughty Romans ;
Show the boasting Roman Legions
How her noble tribe Iceni,
Show them how her noble Britons
For *her* and liberty could fight.
Near the City of Verulium,
On the hill where now stands Warwick,
Long before the warlike Mercians
Held their dread sway at Conventree,*
Down near where now Southampton stands ;
All along the noble river,
Near where stands the splendid castle
Norman builded, ancient Windsor—

Boadicea, in her chariot,
Uttering streams of burning language,
Swearing dreadful oaths of vengeance,
Drove in unmolested fury,
Beckoning every one to freedom ;
Urging the whole tribe Iceni,
All who could carry spear or shield,
Who could wield an axe in battle,
All those who could a chariot drive,

* Modern Coventry.

All who could hurl a burning brand ;
Begged of them, as noble Britons,
As bold warriors loving freedom,
To join hands in one endeavor,
To join hearts and fight for freedom ;
Fight the bloody-minded Romans ;
Conquer them, destroy their legions,
All the iron-hearted Romans ;
 Destroy the emigrants from Rome,
 And their famous city, London ;
 Burn and devastate, destroy them ;
 Wipe out my shame in fire and blood.
 Take their babes, with spears impale them.
 Hack the breasts from off their women ;
Stab and slay the Roman soldiers ;
Slash their faces, spoil their beauty ;
Let them dread to lash a woman ;
Learn them to fear Boadicea,
Fear the Queen of the Iceni,
Fear the Queen of warlike Britons,
Who in madness, and in vengeance,
Fighting bravely for our freedom
The Romans will annihilate.

 All along the coast of Devon,
 From the land of roaring Humber,
 The lands of Dorset and of Kent,
 From the fenlands to the mountains,
 From the island of Old Mona,
 The isles of Anglesea and Wight,
 From the copper lands of Cornwall,
 From the clear lakes of Cumberland,

And from off the Cimrian Mountains,
From the lovely vales of Avon,
From the chalky lands of Oxon,
And the pastoral meads of Leicester;
On from every hill and valley,
On from every plain and river,
With hearts filled with dreadful vengeance,
With hearts panting for their freedom,
Full of universal ardor ;
From every tribe in Albion
Came the almost naked Britons
To combat for Queen Boadicea,
To fight the Romans for their freedom ;
Bringing scythes, affixed to chariots,
Bringing swords and leathern bucklers,
Bringing spears, and bows and arrows,
Bill hooks and their battle axes,
Every kind of slaughtering weapon,
For to wound and slay the Romans,
Who stole their lands and raped their daughters.
Lashed the backs of lovely women,
Stole from them the name of freemen,
Then degraded Queen Boadicea
By using on *her* back the lash.
The Druid in his wicker cot
Practices his necromancy ;
Takes a burning, blazing fire-brand,
Casts it 'midst the naked Britons ;
Then he said: as this doth scatter,
Scatter ye the bloody Romans.
As his wild eye gleamed in madness,

He aloft his arms extending,
Begged the gods of cold and hunger,
Begged the gods of sleet and rain,
Begged the gods of raging battle,
Begged the gods of forked lightning,
Jove, the awful god of Thunder,
Medusa, with snaky ringlets,
To produce a thousand horrors ;
He begged the gods of fire and blood
To help Britons in their ardor,
On the battle field of freedom
To fill each Roman heart with dread.
Men there were of iron sinews,
Who builded chariots, forged their scythes,
Forged their bill-hooks, battle axes;
Men with bare legs and naked thighs,
Tended sheep and slaughtered cattle,
Many who the wild boar hunted,
Hunted pheasants and wild rabbits,
Partridge, quail and fallow deer,
Trained and led gigantic stallions,
And chained, when captured, savage bulls :
Some days they would walk sixty miles :
Full of courage and endeavor,
Hardy by their being seasoned
To the weather and the changes,
Then as now upon our island.
They were tall, well built, majestic,
With graceful beard and lengthy hair,
Men of North and Central Britain
Were robust, of lofty stature ;

Fed, most profusely, meat and grain ;
And their drink was simply water ;
Their beds were straw, and oft exchanged ;
Their cots or hovels thatched with straw :
Thus their iron constitutions,
And their innate British valor
Nearly conquered Julius Cæsar.
They in the water wade to meet,
His well armed and serried legions.

 Their descendants with Boadicea,
 Queen by right of the Iceni,
 Queen of many tribes in Britain,
 Met near Barnet and St. Albans,
 (St. Albans, where *old Verulium* stands ;)
 Spear men there were fifty thousand,
 Ten thousand men with battle axe,
 Ten thousand men with hooks and bills,
 Bows and arrows without number,
 Five hundred chariots armed with scythes ;
The men, they wore a knitted waist,
A buckskin sheath for hunting knives ;
Their shoes were coarser than brogans,
Their garments altogether wool.

 For winter wear they'd untanned skins.
 They had short and simple lassos
 They could throw with great precision ;
 These did Roman generals capture,
 That they might be held as prisoners
 Should they have captives to exchange,
 Or redress those degradations
 To which *their* captives must submit.

They were proud and cruel *tyrants*,
And trod beneath their iron heel
All the nations who submitted
To their well armed conquering legions.
All the towns which end in Cester,
Every town that ends in Chester,
They were Roman camps and stations ;
And every town that ends in wich,
These depots were for Roman salt ;
Many of these towns were taken,
And every soul within them slain.

What a deep feeling is revenge ;
What a passion human vengeance ;
All the blood within the bosom,
The wildest beatings of the heart,
All are cultured by deep vengeance.
Thus the Britons, filled with madness,
Madness that consumes like fire,
Madness, raging, daring, savage,
Which smothers pity, deadens love ;
So, while their hearts were fierce and wild,
While they knew but one emotion,
They assembled and they slaughtered,
They destroyed and burned to ashes
Every fort and town and depot
Belonging to the hated Romans.

From Sarum on to Winchester,
From London down to Dunsmore heath,
On again to Northern Chester,
Were straight, well buildéd Roman roads ;
Then across to Eastern Norwich,

Their chief depot for provisions,
Chief depot for their salt and arms.

On the roads the Britons met them,
And slaughtered them with wild delight ;
Some with Romans intermarried,
But love of country overcame
All their family affection ;
They, as sons, were native Britons,
Fought against their Roman fathers ;
Women fought against their husbands,
They loved them well, but Britain more.

Every fort and inland depot,
They had stormed and burned to ashes,
And driven all the legions onward,
Till centered round Londinium.

Thirty thousand well trained Romans
Were serried like a granite wall ;
All their shields, like backs of tortoise,
They seemed quite impervious to steel.
Roman swords were short and heavy,
And Roman spears were slight but strong,
Helmets worn for preservation,
Roman skulls and brains defended,
With kilts, bare legs, and knees, and thighs,
They with strong sandals, shod their feet ;
All shewed a well arranged attire.

Their martial music, stirring drums,
Banners and their Roman Eagles ;
With experienced commanders,
Men well taught and trained to battle ;

Brave, indeed, were Roman soldiers,
Fierce and warlike Roman legions,
And brave, indeed, were Roman men ;
Since when Romulus and Remus
As young babes by wolves were suckled,
Since the time of the Horatii,
Fought the Alban chiefs Curatii ;
Rome's chief, Coriolanus,
Made haughty Rome to bow and bend ;
Since the time of Junius Brutus
(And the matron, chaste Lucretia),
Since he killed the tyrant Tarquin ;
Since Virginius slew his daughter ;
Since Romans conquered every state
Belonging to the ancient Latins ;
Ere that they sold the lands round Rome,
Carthaginians were vesting,
Under Hannibal the mighty ;
Since Scipio reconquered Spain,
Led his old and well trained legions
To conquer Carthage and destroy,
By warring them in Africa ;
Since the time when Julius Cæsar
Conquered Gaul and Southern Britain,
Enslaved all surrounding nations ;
Since the time when Brutus smote him ;
Since the battle of Pharsalia,
The famous one at Phillippi ;
Since the Roman Triumvirate ;
Since the death of mighty Pompey,
Of the conquering of Egypt,

The slaughter of Mark Anthony ;
Since the death of Cleopatra,
All in the Augustan ages,
Down unto the time of Nero,
Every Roman and each legion,
Each son of Italy was brave.

Think how hard it was for Britain,
How hard 'twas for Boadicea
To meet well-trained Roman legions
With none but her brave barbarians,
And her tribe of the Iceni.

But she had a thirst for vengeance.
A thirst for deadly, keen revenge ;
Revenge upon the cruel Romans,
Revenge upon the conquerors,
Who lashed her fair, naked shoulders,
As they would lash a Nubian slave.

What a woman, Boadicea ;
How wondrous the Iceni Queen ;
Ask Zenobia of Palmyra,
Ask the glorious Queen of Sheba,
Ask the mighty Semiramis,
If their spirits they should wander.

If they knew in ancient story,
Amid all the mightiest monarchs,
Any Amazon or Scythian
Who'd compare with Boadicea.

How she fired the hearts of thousands,
How she fought the Roman legions,
How she conquered their grand army,
Destroying old Londinium ;

Slaughtering fully seventy thousand,
Burning Londinium to ashes.

I will try to paint the picture ;
Help, ye gods of the Parnassus,
Help me all ye gracious muses,
Guide my numbers sweet Apollo ;
Give to me that inspiration,
Heavenly measure and sweet poesy,
To make great heroic effort
The battle to delineate.

See the Romans in their masses,
Serried like a wall of granite ;
Watch, their spears are all projecting,
Their swords gleam like scintillations,
Shields are like the armadillo,
Like scales upon the crocodile ;
Hear their heavy tread advancing
To the sound of martial music,
Like the sound of roaring thunder,
As they do beat terrifically
Their pondrous and loud-sounding drums ;
See their banners proudly waving,
See their eagles they have carried
Through Assyria and Egypt,
Through Gaul and Germany and Greece,
Through Asia Minor and through Spain,
And throughout Northern Africa ;
See their numerous royal standards,
Hear the shouts of their commanders,
Dressed in more than gorgeous splendor ;
Gold and jewels on their fingers,

Diamonds in their sword-hilts shine.

'Tis a scene of wondrous beauty,

A scene to fill with dread alarm.

'Neath their feet the earth is shaken,

Such was their regularity;

There was force in Roman marching,

Roman weapons, and their banners,

In their fierce manner of attack ;

Quick, but steady ; sure, but furious;

Seldom troops of other nations,

E'er could cope with Roman legions.

You've seen flooded, flowing rivers

Running with most tremendous force ;

Rushing onward *ever, ever*,

Until they empty in the sea.

This is like the Roman marching,

Up hill, down hill, over mountains,

Right steady onward to the charge ;

The avalanche from off the Alps,

Bolts of Jove's imperial thunder,

Buffaloes in wild battalions,

Wild horses on the southern plains,

Seemed inadequate to break them,

Their ranks so serried they maintain.

But when nations's strike for freedom,

Like the French in revolution,

Then you see the sweeping whirlwind,

Then the mad raging wild typhoon;

Then you see a world of waters,

Wilder than the waves of ocean,

More blasting than the Sirroco,

Sweep all impediment away :
Thus the Britons met the Romans,
With one force of fifty thousand,
Fifty thousand roaring lions,
Fifty thousand thirsting tigers,
Fifty thousand furious madmen,
Rushed impetuous, running wildly
With a shout like Indian whooping,
With long pent up indignation;
They like ten thousand angry bulls
Rush'd in mass upon the Romans;
Cleft the wall of shields asunder,
While scythes on chariots in the rear,
Cut the Roman force to pieces.
Now the axes and the bill-hooks
Cleft the skulls and brains of Romans ;
Such a wild and fearful slaughter,
Such unmitigated horror,
Never in a single battle,
Perhaps, was ever seen before.

Zenghis Khan and Tamerlane fought
Many bloody, furious battles ;
Ravages of fierce Attila,
Who surnamed the Lord's avenger,
Or the barbarous Alarie,
Hath swept away more human lives ;
Waterloo and Albuera,
Borodino, fought in Russia
Near the ancient city Moscow ;
That at Dresden, that at Leipsic,
Those at Wagram and Vienna,

Showed a great amount of slaughter,
But hatred, fierce, intense hatred,
Urged on to annihilation
As the pent-up horrid vengeance,
Which the Britons had for Romans ;
Simple legions performed wonders,
Show'd their strength and martial bearing.

But the tall and brawny Britons,
Madden'd by Queen Boadicea,
By a lasting thirst for vengeance,
With desire for lasting freedom,
Fought with unexampled fury ;
Fought as fought the brave Vendéans,
Fought as fought the troops of Wallace ;
Fought as Bruce for Scotland's freedom,
Fought at the famous Bannockburn ;
Fought as fought the ancient Spartans ;
Fought as fought the brave Hungarians ;
Like the troops of black Prince Edward
At Cressy and at Agincourt,
Like the troops of Frankman Martell
When hosts of Saracens he slew ;
Just as Christian famed Crusaders
Fought at Antioch, Bogheda
With his three hundred thousand men,
Near the walls of famished Antioch ;
Just as fought Judas Maccabees ;
Yet with much more tiger fierceness
Britons fought the haughty Romans.
So for insult, the Iceni,
Led by warlike Queen Boadicea,

Aided by the vengeful Britons,
Did defeat the haughty Romans ?
Slaughtered troops of bloody Nero
To obtain once more their freedom.
No pen can paint, no language show,
No poetic picture portray
All that most unequalled valor
Which those brave Britons did display.
Oh, ye Gods ! what horrid slaughter !
See the Roman legions kneeling,
Listen how they plead for mercy,
See the Roman legions pleading,
Hear the Roman legions praying,
Begging for the lash or bondage
With their sorrowing eyes uplifted,
Begging and craving for their lives.
 But they mock them with their bill-hooks,
 Mock them with their battle-axes,
 And mock them with their bloody spears.
 While the British swords are reeking,
 Reeking with the blood of Romans,
Boadicea in her chariot
Madly dashing with her horses
 'Mid the wildest scene of carnage,
 'Mid the scenes of blood and horror.
Cried out in words of madness,
She cried out in tones of thunder,
Cried without a woman's weakness:
" Kill the cruel, dastard Romans !"
 That day no pity touched the hearts
 Of the warriors of Iceni,

Or of the barbarian Britons.
All the way from old Verulium,*
Right up to Londinium gates,
Lay the bloody Roman corpses,
Lay the crush'd and broken helmets,
Lay bloody swords and splintered spears.
Nearly every skull was shattered ;
Some had horrid thrusts with lances,
Some without their legs, *both sever'd*
By British frightful chariot scythes ;
But the fearful battle-axes
Cleft the head complete asunder ;
Or, when striking on the shoulder,
Cleft the whole arm and side away.
A man from off the Cymbrian mountains,—
They called him Cymrian Carobell—
Was of most gigantic stature—
Seven feet six, the giant stood—
In the mountains he hewed timber,
Swung his battle axe above him
With so much ease, all did admire ;
Fine proportioned, thews of iron.
His strength could twist a sapling tree.
Beautiful as Greek Adonis,
A perfect match for Hercules ;
He had a manly well-toned voice,
He led an ancient Celtic tribe.
A fair young Cimrian, six feet two,
Gloriously fair proportioned,
With eyes of perfect polished jet,
Ringlets black as wing of raven,

* St. Alban's now,

Grander in her glorious figure
Than the splendid Queen of Sheba;
Her teeth a perfect row of pearls,
And the music of her language
Like the harp tones of Apollo,
Or the words which angels whisper,
Were commanding, soft and gentle,
Or plaintive as a minor tone;
Then her lovely bust and shoulders,
And her limbs in fine proportion,
Made her look a perfect Juno :
Showed a woman of such beauty,
Such as gods on Mount Olympus,
Might fairly worship and adore.
This lovely maid was Clorandine.

And Carobell and Clorandine
Were that morning to be wedded,
When the Briton war cry sounded,
So he called to arms his Cymrians,
Kissed his Clorandine and parted ;
Strode along o'er hills and mountains,
Marched with ardor through the valleys
With his warriors; found Boadicea
Her war horses and chariot,
With her daughters and the Britons,
And the warriors of Iceni,
Near the town of Verulium.

She chose *him* and the *Iceni*
For to lead the van of battle ;
Centre of the fifty thousand—
With his most tremendous axe,

His blows were like a sledge of steel :
Crash'd the Roman ranks asunder
And sent them reeling right and left :
Hewed away with the Iceni
And the tribe he brought from Cymri.
Aided by the fifty thousand
To the rear of all the Romans ;
Then turned round, once more, and smote them,
Smote hip and thigh, and head and neck,
Severed off their trunks asunder ;
The Roman army was a wreck,
Then old Londinium was burned,
And the city left in ashes.

Carobell with wreath of myrtle,
And spear head of so'id silver,
And rich golden-hilted sword
Set with costly sparkling diamonds
Which he captured from a general,
Returned to his Cymrian mountains
And wedded lovely Clorandine.

The Britons rested for awhile,
Bathed themselves within the river,
Bathed in the royal river Thames ;
Full five thousand Roman soldiers
Escaped within Londinium's walls,
But the most of them were wounded :
The inhabitants of London,
All the proud visitors from Rome,
Generals' wives, and all their children,
With all their jewels, wealth and gold,
Were within the walls environed,

No retreat except by water.
But soon a host of wicker boats
Left the road of egress doubtful.
The Britons yell and soon assault,
Assault with redoubled fierceness ;
One by one the forts were taken,
Then the gates were burned and broken,
Walls were scaled, and Londinium
Was the scene of dreadful slaughter.
 Britons were unlettered furies ;
 Fire and sword, and spears and axes,
 Soon did their bloody, horrid work ;
 The lovely daughters of old Rome,
 Splendid matrons, Roman women,
 Some beautiful as *Poppea*,
 And as Cleopatra graceful,
 Every human type of beauty,
 Some as lovely as Greek Venus ;
 Fair-haired, blue-eyed, from the German,
 With ruddy cheeks and rosy lips ;
 While some with hair as black as coal,
 Eyes of polished jet, which dazzled,
 Thrilling, with exquisite beauty ;
 The lovely Jewish type proclaimed,
 Curled locks and Egyptian noses,
 Dress magnificent and costly ;
 Their toilet articles were choice ;
 Their furniture was richly wrought,
 And statuary most unique ;
 Silver and gold plate was massive,
 Their chains were of Etruscan gold,

With signet rings of precious stones ;
Medallions choice and elegant.
The sons of Romans, the *elite* ;
All the artists who came over,
Whose object gold, or to refine,
All were slaughtered by the vengeance
Of a myriad of Britons,
And the ire of Boadicea.
Seventy thousand men and women,
Including children, were destroyed,
All because the cruel Romans
Lashed the back of Boadicea,
Insulted the Iceni's Queen.

Thus the Britons, in their vengeance,
Slew the people, burned the city.
To their wooden plows and harrows,
To their hammers and their anvils,
Unto their fields to reap the grain,
To their various fields of pasture,
They returned in gladdened masses,
Forgot in their security,
The wondrous power of mighty Rome ;
Who, from the lands of ancient Gaul,
From the plains of Hispanola,
From Appenines and Pyrenees,
From the land of old Iberia,
From old Thrace and Macedonia,
From the towns of Asia Minor,
And from the towns of ancient Greece,
Enlisted troops from every land ;
Brought the Ebon and the Nubian,

Some from round old ruined Carthage,
Syria, Judea, Egypt,
The wanderers from Arabia,
Every town and every nation
Helped to swell the ranks of Romans,
Helped to form those famous legions,
In a little while contended
Under their chief, Seutonius,
Who, when her Britons were away,
And picked men of the Iceni
And the flower of all the Britons,
He fell upon the Iceni queen,
Thus he conquered her in battle.
And enslaved again the Britons,
Did enslave the brave Iceni,
Once more built up ruined London.

Boadicea, with her daughter,
When she saw her army slaughtered
By recruited Roman legions,
Took within her hand a phial
Filled with poison, it most deadly,
Called her vanquished troops around her,
And these words by her were spoken :

Listen to me noble Britons,
And ye wreck of my Iceni,
While I tell you words prophetic :
Gaul on whom the Romans trample,
With Franks or freemen soon will blend,
Flaxen-haired from o'er the Danube,
Belgie, Teutons from the Rhineland,
Goths and Vandals, and Helvetians.

Arabs, Seythians and Tartars,
German nations, without number.
Atilla, fierce, wild Alaric,
Shall arise in deadly vengeance,
Boiling o'er with indignation,
Remembering their former insults ;
Paying back, with scorn unbounded,
Forgetting not their former bondage ;
Reimburse from stolen taxes
All that's left from dissipation,
All unwasted, in their splendor.
Of riches in Imperial Rome.

Then the virtue of their women,
Honor of their lovely daughters,
Shall be deflowered and destroyed ;
Their babes shall be torn asunder
Dashed to pieces on the pavements ;
Their men be taken and enslaved,
As bondsmen made to bear the yoke ;
Their refined and glorious women,
Be slaves to brutal conquerors,
Shall cleanse their stables, feed their swine ;
Romans shall be cringing beggars,
A nation of poor crouching slaves ;
Thus shall every tribe and people
Destroy the proud and haughty Romans.
Hun Atilla, God's avenger,
Shall rush like liquid streams of fire ;
Sweep away their cultivation ;
For by their *conquests* they have made
Enemies of every nation,
Made foes of every land on earth.

But the little island Britain,
Held in sway by Roman legions,
Shall become the mightiest nation
On this green earth was ever seen,
And Eastern countries own her sway.
Not e'en known to hanghty Romans.
All the earth shall own her grandeur,
All the world shall learn her language ;
All mankind be her religion,
One universal brotherhood ;
Then the *Millenium* shall come.
She drank the poison, and exclaimed:
I die *free*. Queen Boadicea.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

[Written by John Goodman, November 12, 1867, at 422 Case avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

I'll sing of the light, the beautiful light,
Of its luminous queen, transparent, bright ;
Of arrows of gold, in thy fountains dipped,
Of rich rosy tints which the mountains tipped ;
Aurora appears with the blushing morn,
And the mantle of gold the moon hath worn ;
The beauty reflected at sunset eve ;
From thee doth the lily its whiteness receive,
The heart of the rose at thy smile doth blush,
At thy faintest glance doth the purple rush
(While 'tis covered with dew, and pearly wet),
To the timid, retiring violet ;

In the dewy mists of the hazy morn
When night's pall from the mountain's brow is torn,
As thou liftest thy veil of gauze to the skies,
From the throats of sweet warblers doth praise arise.
Like bright shining silver, each lake appears,
Your particles scintle its rippling tears.
The loveliest vale, with its emerald green,
Is wrought from the smiles of thy silver sheen ;
The morn, at thy bidding, fresh pearls doth fling ;
From thy robes do Rubies and Diamonds spring ;
Thou art seen in forests, on hill or dale,
Thy fairy boat o'er each surface doth sail ;
Noon gathers them up, and then wreaths doth weave
To crown thy retreating fair form at eve,
Showing thy glory, thy parting bequest,
As thou sinkest to peace in the distant west ;
Thou hast ridden high, through the vaulted sky,
In thy ear of sunbeams do fleetly fly,
Yet like crystal rays in the drooping shower,
You bend lowly to kiss the opening flower.

Venus dippeth her queenly robes anew

In thy fountain dyeth them azure blue,
And as soon as the darkened night is born,
Pale Luna *she* filleth her silver horn ;
At night in the Dome of thy Palace blue,
You pierce it with holes to let glory through ;
'Tis the time when the Fairies leave their caves,
In sea shells to float on the dancing waves,
While spirits ride forth on their misty cars,
Admiring thy light, in the twinkling stars.
When thou veilest thy face, the dark clouds weep

And sob till the tear drops soothe them to sleep;
Changed into jewels they gratefully bring
Sweet odors from Earth, incense to their King,
Who stretches thy arch, far above his throne,
And tingeth the bow of the watery zone,
Until all its colors, reflected bright,
Are seen in that mystical Bow of light.
The care-worn and wearied ones of the earth,
Love *it*, first ushered them in at their birth.
The fever-tossed watch for the coming light
And wrapped in thy mantle do take their flight.
More beautiful even than thou, sweet light,
Is the spirit, thy offspring, fair and bright,
Its robe is purity, glory its crown,
Its mantle holiness, faith its renown,
Its home is far distant, in pure skies bright,
And cometh from God, the Father of light.

AN ODE TO ALFRED TENNYSON,
POET LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

[Written May 10, 1867, at Mr. Silas Boardman's, Brighton, near
Rochester, New York.]

I marvel not at thy wonderful name ;
I wonder not thou art Laureate of fame ;
How entranced am I at thy art and skill,
I am proud of thy strength, thy power of will ;
I love each sentence of silver and gold,
Thy language is richer than mines untold.
You write of fresh foliage, blooming and green,

You talk of bright Flowers in summer's sheen,
Speak of the beautiful winding rivers,
The Aspen leaf as it quakes and shivers,
Of deep blue, crimson, and burnished gold,
Skies, fields, and Palaces stately and old;
You teach of pure love in the human eye,
Yet mild as the Luna light in the sky;
To me a most wondrous joy you impart,
As you tell of deep love in the human heart;
Innocent children who roll on the lawn;
Of lambkins who skip in the earliest dawn.
Your glorious sentences make the world ring
With sweet, flowery words, thou poetic king,

Oh, I have a wonderful strange desire
To gaze on the sun, the poetic fire
Within *my mind* makes *me* wish to excel
In language, sweet poesy; there is a spell
Thou hast over me thrown; I am not to blame
If I wish for the holy of holies of fame;
I am a Daisy, I lay at thy feet,
Look up, and my well pleased eyes do meet
The passion flower, or the beautiful rose;
'Tis thee and thy rhythm that doth disclose
What a distance between the earth and sky,
What a distance there is between *You* and I.
Oh! had I been born 'neath an Eastern sun,
Ere the Christian era had first begun,
As a Persian, had dwelt in the land of flowers,
Had read its Lore, and expended my hours
In describing those Oriental scenes,
Where Rivulets flow, and water carrens,
Where birds, ever musical, sing in groves,

In praise of the Sun, or their warbling loves ;
Had I seen Cyrus, the mighty in war,
As he rode in his grand triumphal car,
And had seen his grand army, glitt'ring bright,
With their shining helmets,—entrancing sight :
Or had seen them with gorgeous golden spoils
With kings and princes enslaved in their coils :
Or gem-clad Captives who wailed the breeze,
As sadly they pass'd o'er the Euphrates,
Or had seen bright stars in an Eastern sky
Which seem to bless Earth as they glorify ;
Perhaps then, and then only, I might have tried
To have sung, or in the wilderness cried,
And taught in new language that holy creed
Which man doth assist in his greatest need ;
Then although a space of a thousand years
Had rolled between us, and humanity's tears,
Which shed would have formed a voluminous stream ;
Yet I then would have met *thee* in *my* dream ;
Thou would'st be a rose on a flourishing tree,
And I a small bud, by the side of thee.

SCHILLER AND CHARLOTTE.

[Written by John Goodman, March 8, 1874, at the Northern Ohio
Lunatic Asylum, Ward 8, Newburgh, Cuyahoga County, Ohio.]

When thou art gone, my Schiller, from my side,
And I feel humbled in my woman's pride,
The sun will shine, but will not shine for me,
The clouds be rent, and weep in agony ;
The gleaming sky be dark, all nature dead,

And sorrow light, upon my *heart* and *head*,
For I have lived for Schiller, lived for *thee*,
Hoped for thy love throughout eternity ;
Yet thou wilt not be happy, for *thy* heart
Will tell *thy* soul what thou hast lost, the dart
Will pierce and rankle, and thy cheek in pride,
Even when taken at its coolest tide,
Will redden. Thou in thy innermost soul
Will be all flame, burning beyond control ;
And yet thy Charlotte will not Schiller chide,
For shouldst thou leave me, in hauteur and pride,
Thou wilt then find thou has cast thy bread
On stormy waters ; the incessant tread
Of grief upon thy mind will surely tell
That thou hast exchanged thy *Heaven* for deep *Hell*.

Good comes from Evil, Evil follows Good,
I live upon *thy* fame, *thou* art my food ;
Thou art my summer, and I love *thy* sun.
It were too glorious if my race is run ;
Were we perfection, lovely, fair and true,
No disappointments e'er could come, no rue,
But human life is checquered, and in mind
Some soar to highest heav'ns, and they find,
As history ever doth the record tell,
That, like the God of Morning, when *He* fell
The Angels groaned ; and, Schiller, when you die,
One universal groan, one heart-rending cry,
Will tell Earth's sympathy, how a human heart
With sadness filled, doth sorrow e'er impart.
So Schiller thou, when thou hast sorrow seen,
Will fly to Charlotte, *she* thine own heart's queen.

What are Kings or Princes, Gems or gold,
 Or all the gorgeousness of wealth untold
 Compared with inspiration from above,
 Or the deep warmth of an impassioned love :
 Or what is broad Demesne, or power or land
 With all plethoric wealth can e'er command :
 What are high titles, ceremonial form,
 Beside a loving heart that's true and warm ?
 What is choice Logic, choicer art and skill,
 Or power to act with an Imperial will ;
 Or power of speech, artistic eloquence,
 Or public plaudits, as a recompense,
 Beside the warmth and ardency of love,
 Those God-like feelings giv'n from Heav'n above?
 What are *Relations*, and your dearest friends?
They have their motives, hobbies, and *their* ends.
 Look through their hearts, and every leaf unfold,
 And see the smouldering fire grow dim and cold.
 Nothing on earth will bring a recompense,
 No matter what the feeling, how intense,
 Except an ardent heart that's filled with love,
 As that for Juno felt by the great Thunderer, Jove.

SCHILLER AND CHARLOTTE.

[Written March 8th, 1874, at the Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum,
Ward 8.]

Ah, Schiller, how I loved thee, words can never tell.
 Thy spirit, thy great soul, the beautiful I love ;
 Thou art my saint, my idol, yea, my *Demi-God*.
 Depart not from me Schiller, spare the rod

That chastens, purifies, destroys, for in thine eyes.
Thy creative genius, thy noble thoughts, a spell
High as the heavens, and more powerful than Jove
When *He* hurls down *his* thunder, when *his* angry nod,
Hurls like terrific whirlwinds, lightnings to the sod,
Confused creation leaps, and gravitation flies
Unto the earth's remote, then quietly it dies.

I know thy meaning Schiller, know thy inner mind.
I know thou lovest Charlotte, and that thou art kind,
But thou hast wonderful ambition, thy soul soars
Into the awful regions of deep space, I see
Thee guide thy fairy boat, as through the azure skies
It divinely floats in Chariot gorgeous. My part
Is, *to admire and love*. Love is not always blind.
I know the Titan greatness of thy mind, which towers
Over all creation's bounds. It divinely pours
Thy sympathy into my heart, and wipes mine eyes,
And cools my burning breath, and soothes my stifled
cries.

What glorious inspiration, Schiller, hast thou brought
Into my imaginings, glimmers of thy soul
Are like scintillations, which on aerial cars
Of Ether ride, as they shoot through the ambient air
Seem lofty, *gorgeous, grand*, beyond the mind whose
thought
Holds a deep, holy converse with my inner soul,
Creating sorrow sad, and those wild inward wars
That throw all tortured Nature with *her* stringent laws
Into the most dread confusion, and lay thy bosom bare
And join it unto mine in an untimely snare.

And say, sweet Schiller dear, that you do Charlotte love,
Say that no single part of thy dear cherished heart,
No single particle of ardent in thy brain,
That is entire thy own, but hers ; and once again
Speak those loving, burning words, that tear up, and
scare

Until the rent heart's stricken, and the sacred grove
Where my heart's pure love is hidden, is torn apart,
Wounded and tortured with the fearful, rankling smart,
And tears are shed in torrents, flowing like the rain,
Then furrows deep the cheek, whilst in thine own will
wear,

Until thy harrowed thoughts are sunk in deep despair.

Oh, Schiller, hear me darling, while I truly tell
To *thee* my deep, deep sorrow, then your heart will
break ;

I never, never wronged you, never tried to sell,
You were my daily sunrise, were my morning streak,
You were the glory of the bright ethereal skies,
The gorgeousness of grandeur, from thy meaning eyes
I gathered inspiration, and I did enjoy
The harmonies in nature, moments swiftly fly.
Schiller, best thou wert with me ever, no control
I ever tried to gain, for *thy* dear image dwelt
Within *my* inmost heart, and thy glorious soul
Seemed blended in with mine, if thine own heart did
melt.

ADDRESS OF JOHN GOODMAN,

[On July 5th, for July 4th, 1875, when a patient of the N. O. L. A.,
Newburgh, O.. Written in Room 9, Ward 9.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: On Tuesday, the sixth of July, it will be one hundred years since John Hancock, the Carrolls of Carrollton, and other brave patriots, signed the Declaration of American Independence, fearless of consequences. The beacon light of liberty, the meteor star to enslaved mankind, was hung in the lighthouse of Freedom, and those brave patriots placed it as a landmark for the pilgrims of hope, as a starting point for universal liberty. Then, this was a weak Nation. On July the 4th, 1776, the Congress of the States adopted the Declaration of Independence.

The *colonies*, numerically weak, were strong in faith and warred against the mightiest power on Earth for *their* independence and *their* freedom, and to obtain a constitution under which *they* could live in peace and harmony with themselves and the rest of mankind.

At Concord, at Boston on Breed's or Bunker Hill, at New York, at White Plains, on Long Island, at Philadelphia, at Brandywine and at Germantown *they* fought; till at length Providence favored American arms, and Burgoyne surrendered to Gates at Saratoga.

The Guerrilla warfare of Green, Morgan, Sumpter and Marion assisted the operations of the Colonists, and in five years, the war was terminated by the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, to the combined French and American forces under Rochambeau and Washington.

The present federal constitution of the United States

was adopted in 1789, and George Washington, once a Colonel in the British Army, became the first President of the United States.

Had I the wondrous power of Cicero,
The eloquence of Greek Demosthenes,
Great power of language, one grand overflow
Of classic words, like Grecian Socrates ;
Had I the clear and philosophic mind
Of Locke or Bacon, wit of Sheridan,
Portraying strength and elegance combined
Of all those ancient, gifted-minded men
Who lit the world; with moral grandeur crowned,
And stand unrivaled, and the most renowned ;
Could I like Solomon in famous songs,
Or like King David, in his language choice.
Speak of our people and their daily wrongs;
Or like Apollo tune my heart and voice;
Or like to Wallace, make one grand appeal ;
Like Hofer speak those burning words which tell
With energy pourtray the public weal ;
Enchant and bind you in a Classic spell ;
Or like the early Brutus chain the 'mind
By seathing eloquence, like the Hermit,* fire
The whole of Christendom, until combined
The states of Europe had one grand desire ;
Or like the Maccabees, whose wondrous power
Of eloquence, and grandeur of design,
Did blend opposing parties in an hour,
And those who fought and hated did combine

*Peter the Hermit.

Into one glorious army, to set free
Their native land ; who fought against all odds,
And with a burning thirst for Liberty,
Fought like so many Neys or Demigods ;
Caractacus, the Briton, whose appeal
To Claudius, told in language pure and clear,
That *he* loved freedom and *his* nation's weal ;
To *him*, a prisoner, Liberty was dear.

Shall I forget that Harewood, who alone,
With sixty Englishmen, did fight for years,
Daring the Norman Monarch on his throne,
And weeping o'er his country's fate, with tears
Of burning shame and sorrow, till his heart
Was cold as death ; or as a Cauldron, boiled ?
Revenge on Tyrants, ever told the smart
That pained like Greek fire, for freedom foiled ;
Had I the language, and the fire appeal
Of murdered Emmet, who doth silent sleep
With millions worshiping his patriot zeal,
Whose purity did make his judges weep ;
Were I like Sadi, Persian Hero slain,
Who with his handful of brave mountaineers,
Fought battle after battle o'er again,
Until o'ertaken by his deadly foe,
O'erwhelmed and murdered by a crushing blow,
Then would I in loud Clarion notes resound
Of great John Hancock (and of Washington),
Who with a majesty and grace profound,
Did sign and act, until the battle won
That did set free a nation from the coils
Of British wrath and power, that gave us peace,

A resting place from our laborious toils,
And brought that commerce did our wealth increase.

Oh, glorious Fourth ! the proudest natal day
That ever graced a Nation, or rejoiced
The glowing human heart ; I truly say
I wish you joy, and speak with trumpet voice.

That all mankind may hear, in thunder tones,
That all the people on the earth may hear,
That European Tyrants *on their thrones*,
Trembling, may repent, with hearts filled with
fear ;

Although twelve years and eight days passed away
Ere our grand constitution they adopt,

And many of the State rights lopped away,
Yet it was glorious seed, and it hath cropped
A mammoth land with freedom, brought that joy
That we who meet together on this day,

Can tell our Children's Children, as each eye
Is gazing on our face, while we do say
A hundred years had come, a hundred gone,
When we all meet that day to celebrate.

Our freedom is achieved, our battle won,
We the Centennial, then will consecrate.

Our English mother fought a hundred years
Against th' Stuarts, and unjust taxation,
Flooded each home and all the land with tears,
To obtain freedom for the English nation ;
A century passed, when *her* grandchildren fought
In western lands against their mother dear.
Now science, art, and gentler thoughts have taught.
That the great reconciling time is near :

For Britain, at our own Centennial,
Will be the chief of actors on the stage;
Let it be lasting, be perennial,
And in a binding bond let us engage ;
And now that Freemen have their second birth,
Let trade be free with every foreign land,
Till universal freedom fills the earth,
Let all be re-united, hand in hand ;
If nations be downtrodden 'neath despair,
Let England and America unite,
And to the scene of mortal wrong repair,
Proclaiming freedom, universal right ;
Then every tongue shall praise, and heart shall bless
Those wondrous nations who have one design,
Those who have had the courage to redress,
In elevation of, the human race to join.

Just see the wondrous growth the States have made,
The wondrous homage paid unto your flag,
How high *her* Bonds do rate in Eastern lands ;
Her Sculptors and *her* Painters classical ;
While Buildings on the very grandest scale,
And Cities grow with rapid giant strides ;
Mark you the tidal wave ; for in the east,
The grand intelligence, the famous wealth,
Grandeur of designs, the art and skill,
Progressing manufactures, and the power
To do, to plan, to calculate for man ;
From Manhattan's isle to Oregon,
From the great Northern Lakes unto the Gulf ;
The goods that they from Europe and Japan,
From Persia, Turkey, China, and from Ind,

Do import, and the tools and implements,
They in the East do make, or the utensils
That they fashion, clothing that fills as freight
A thousand cars, that thunder west and south;
Watches and clocks, for millions of our land;
The Sugars, and the Coffees, and the Teas
That comfort and regale; the generous Wines,
And Medicines for the States; the Cutlery,
The Axes, for to fell our mighty woods;
They manufacture lightning for the land,
And send forth streams to circle round the Earth.
To save man's labor they have grand machines,
For reaping, sewing, plowing and to mow.
Not only for Columbia's fields and glades,
But *they* export, and Foreign Nations give
The benefit of Yankee art and skill.
A thousand things, and gum elastic one,
Will shew the wonders of that mighty trade,
That by its profits pays a Titan debt,
And purchases the products of the West.

Think of your generous West, prolific South.
Italy and Britain your Corn would feed,
Your Cotton clothes one-half the Human race,
Your Wheat and Pork, beyond your millions' here,
Supplies Great Britain with her surplus food;
Your Eggs, your Poultry, Butter, and your Cheese,
Feed the Mechanics of the laboring East,
Your Wool and Feathers warm and clothe and bed
Full fifty millions; while your *gold* would plate
A continent. You yourselves purchase tea
For half of Europe, and make silverware

Sufficient, quite, for every one to use
Who sets a table in this promised land.
The day is come that England *honors you*,
And as *your* parent, *you* must *her* forgive ;
Let bygones be bygones; remember this,
That England's Language, Laws, and art and skill,
England's dramatic lore, philosophy,
Wondrous energy of our mother land
You do possess ; her famous Literature,
Her Poesy and her Prose, her sterling worth,
Her grand example to the Human race ;
The knowledge of the glorious struggles made
For Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights ;
All these are yours, and now old England comes
To pay *her* tribute to a Nation's worth ;
She, the great mistress of the modern world,
Doth come to honor on your natal day,
The mighty progress that *her child* hath made.
No more the Lion will look down with scorn,
No more the Eagle spreads its spacious wings
To move to combat as two Titan foes,
But with a whole souled, universal love,
Two of the grandest powers on all the earth,
With power and beauty, loveliness and worth,
Will act in *harmony*, and every land,
And every People on this mundane globe,
Will glory that the burning heart-sore's healed ;
That young America for mother land
Did feel ; now the Atlantic Ocean's bed,
Will be a net-work of the daily roads,
The mighty Navies, and commercial ships

Of either country, to each other's shores
Will travel, and each great heart expanding,
Reveal the value of each other's souls.
Thus, by an interchange of courtesy,
The past will be forgotten and forgiven.
In sweet concord, which shall be perpetual,
The English and Americans will live.

THE GLADIATORS' SALUTATION TO CÆSAR.

Written August 10, 1875, at the Northern Ohio Insane Asylum, in
Ward 2, by John Goodman, 422 Case Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.]

In the ancient Coliseum,
The giant structure of old Rome,
When the numerous Gladiators,
Bravest men of every nation,
Mightiest Chieftains of each tribe,
Those who loved their country's freedom,
Who fought for years for liberty,
To fight with savage beasts were doomed;
Warlike men, the ancient Britons,
Noble-minded men of Belgie,
Huge Teutons from the frosty land,
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, and wondrous brave :
Celts from off the Cymrian mountains,
And the wild Hibernian savage,
Picts from off the Highland mountains,
Scots from old Caledonia ;
Saxe and Jutes beyond the Danube,

Polished, brave Hispanolians ;
Proud magnates of Iberia,
And the scattered chiefs of Carthage,
With the wonderful Egyptian ;
Chiefs from every Syrian nation ;
Men from Athens, noble-minded,
And the proud, imperious Gaul men,
With fierce and brave determined Jews ;
All who loved their country's freedom,
All men who fought for liberty ;
These were dragged in chains to bondage
And were cast in the arena
To satisfy the bloody minds
Of the ever-conquering Romans.
Thus a mass of great endeavor
By men of proportions classic,
With nerves of iron, limbs of steel,
The grandest human specimens
Gathered in a band promiscuous
In the Roman Coliseum,
Did salute the Roman Cæsar.

First the naked, painted Briton,
Proud as Jove on Mount Olympus,
Thus addressed the Emperor Claudius :
How can you, Imperial Cæsar,
With your stores of wealth unbounded
With your universal grandeur,
Degrade me with your slavery,
Deprive me of my liberty,
Envy me my cot in Britain ?
The time shall come when Britain's sons

Shall rule o'er a mightier Empire,
Shall have a Navy of such strength
That yours which fought at Actium,
Or that captured Carthagenia,
Would be a set of children's toys
Compared with the ships of Britain.

Then the Belgie, from the Dyke land,
Spoke of deeds of horrid slaughter
And of ravishment of beauty,
That e'en obtuse Roman women
Shuddered as they heard the story.

Next the German, proud and haughty,
Spoke of noble-minded Tuctons,
Of the Patriot hero, Herman,
Of the conquering of Varrus,
And said the time would surely come
When the Warriors of the Northland
Combined, would crush Imperial Rome.

Then the Cymrian from the mountains,
With a hiss of scorn contemptuous,
Said, not all your seried legions,
Headed by your brave commanders,
Ever shall enjoy the glory
Of conquering Britons on their hills.

Fiercely the wild Hibernian spake :
Why should we, if rude, be driven
From our lands of fertile beauty,
From our lakes and charming scenery
To dwell in mountains and in bogs,
That ye curses of creation
Should possess our lovely valleys?

The Scottish chief, in Tartan plaid,
With Heron's feather in his cap,
Although tattered was his garment,
Like a King in haughty grandeur
Stalked in front of the arena,
Hurled his buckskin leathern gauntlet
To the frontage of proud Cæsar,
Saying : "Emperor, I defy thee !"

A Spainard, with his arms firm folded,
And a brow of harrowing rage,
Said : Ye proud and upstart Romans,
Long before the Trojans landed,
Æneas as their commander,
On the old Latinium shore,
Long ere Imperial Rome was founded,
My forefathers cities builded,
Traded with old Tyre and Sidon ;
And the same undying spirit
Guided them to former glory,
Still reigns in Hispanola.

Then the magnate of Iberia
Spake in words of boiling anger :
Treachurous is the so-called noble,
Treachurous ever is the Roman ;
How ye swore if we were neutral
In your fierce, grasping, deadly wars,
When ye craved for Hispanola,
That henceforth you would sure respect
All the lands of famed Iberia,
But when ye your roads had builded
Your Imperial word was broken ;

The Romans are a band of thieves.
The Carthagenian chief next spake,
Spake with deep sorrow, mixed with rage:
How insatiate are ye Romans ;
When famous Carthagenians reared
Cities built of polished marble,
Carthage, of such wondrous splendor,
Athens, Corinth, or old Thebes,
Lesbos, or Egyptian cities,
Even old famous Babylon,
Nineveh with grand proportions,
Or the city of Palmyra,
Etruscan cities of much note,
Or Antioch on Orentes,
Fade before the golden splendor
Of that gold and gem-clad city.
There were palaces of marble
Carved and scrolled with choice devices,
Grapes clustered like the living fruit,
Public halls of grand proportions
With statuary oft immense,
The walls enameled green and gold,
Jaspar Pillars and Mosaics
That showed bouquets of living flowers,
Gorgeous birds of Eastern plumage
With Onyx and with Sapphire wrought,
Even the birds of Paradise
Emblematized in precious stones ;
Every style of architecture
E'er known to Egypt or to Greece,
Known to Rome, or Asia Minor,

Whatever gold, or art, or skill
Could combine in glorious building,
Or by architect be fashioned
With chaste or wondrous gorgeous taste,
All such could be found in Carthage.
Fluted columns, noble arches,
Pillars were circled as though turned,
Pictures, vases, and utensils,
With furniture magnificent
Inlaid with ivory, gold and gems;
Pearls from out the Indian ocean
Were set in thousands in their chairs,
Turquoise bordered all their lounges,
Picture frames of carved coral,
Bedsteads were inlaid with amber,
Harps were fashioned with tortoise shell,
While gems like burning suns were set
In gold pure as famed Etruscan,
Ears were circled with pure rubies,
Armlets set with gorgeous emeralds,
And the anklets blazed with diamonds;
An enormous wealth of weapons,
Costly gems of gold and silver,
Flowers rich with radiant beauty;
Roads of flint, sidewalks of granite,
Moles and quays of strength enormous,
Ships of every shore and nation;
Yet ye Roman men of iron
Crushed to atoms all this splendor,
Destroyed a grand and classic people,
Left my Carthage clothed in ashes.

Cleopatra's brother's grandchild,
Tall and erect, with eyes of fire,
With a choking voice did utter
In the wildest Arab language,
Fearful, horrid imprecations ;
Prophesied how Rome should fall
And become a land of beggars,
Crouching, yea, humbled to the dust,
That they should drink the very dregs
Of cringing, base submissiveness,
And every spurning heel will crush ;
Be enslaved by petty princes,
And taught to kiss and bear the rod.
The Syrian, lithe as seasoned ash,
Supple as any willow withe,
Cast his dark eye, proudly gleaming
On the god of all the Romans,
For they worshipped all the Cæsars.
Then he spake, in hurried language :
Look at Eastern lands of beauty,
All is wildness and commotion,
Not a single Syrian people.
Not a tribe in Asia Minor ;
None have any kind of nation
From Euphrates to Caspian,
No people have a fatherland.

A noble Greek, of classic mould,
Who ever tried to raise the heart
Within dying Grecian people,
Struggling oft for Grecian freedom.
He pointed to the arts of Greece,

To their paintings and their statues,
To their wondrous power of reasoning,
Their mentalized philosophy ;
Spoke of Socrates and Zeno,
Aristotle, Epicurus,
Lycurgus and Diogenes.
Of Minos, of Alcibiades,
Of Praxiteles and Phideas,
And the wondrous Macedonian
Conquerer, famed Alexander,
And those who held Thermopylæ ;
The Greek retreat of Xenophon,
And the great siege of Syracuse ;
Showed the grandeur of their men,
Various styles of architecture,
Of their choice and polished language,
Of their most wondrous art in war,
Of the splendor of their buildings,
Of their great navies on the sea,
Of the knowledge of their teachers,
And of Spartan-Grecian firmness.
Their arts refined the human face.
But ye came like an avalanche,
With your numerous serried legions,
Pouring horde on horde upon us,
Till you enslaved the whole of Greece.
Private soldiers, with more honor
Than have Roman great commanders,
Philosophers with giant brains ;
All degraded, driven to bondage,
To grace the triumph of the Romans.

The Gaul, with long black hair, came forth,
A grand, majestic type of man ;
Then he uttered forth his wailings,
Wailing for his dear native land :
There's no end to your ambition,
Conquering in a circle ever,
Bring Eastward legions Westward,
The Northmen fight in Africa,
You take Gauls and warlike Britons
To enslave Syrians and the Jews.

Then they all in one grand chorus
Uttered these dread prophetic words.
Listen to us while we curse you,
Ye men of tyranny in Rome ;
All the landmarks of old freedom
Ye have uprooted, scattered wide,
Just to found your mighty Empire ;
Robbed the world by your taxation,
So that in every human heart
You have deadly vengeance gendered.

An awful retribution's near,
Claudius ; on your late descendants
Will fall unheard calamities,
With most horrid scenes of misery.
When mankind can bear no longer
Your ever grinding tyranny,
They will rend the Roman Empire
As we rend in shreds this garment.
They will trample on your people
As thus we trample to the dust
These fragments we have torn and rent.

All your proud civilization
Most ruthlessly will be destroyed,
Your legions will be swept away,
And the heavy yoke of bondage
Shall remain a thousand years
Riveted upon the shoulders
Of enslaved and groveling Romans.

Then one of God's chosen people,
Black-bearded, and eyes gleaming fire,
Seemed a grand type of Abraham,
With Egyptian features blended,
And a spice of Esau's boldness,
Made a splendid combination.

With his finger high uplifted
And a frown like midnight darkness,
Or that which shrouded Pompeii,
As full surcharged with frightful storm,
He hurled forth a hundred curses,
Cursed their kindred, land and language,
Cursed their women and their children,
For as they'd ruined old Judea
So would the nations ruin Rome ;
Painted the dark avenging spirit
That would prevail in after times ;
How a hundred petty princes,
Tyrants deadly and outrageous
Would load the Romans, now exempt,
Bow them down with vast taxation,
Savage hordes uproot their gardens,
Destroy their classic statuary,
Raze to the ground their palaces,

Load their ships with gold and silver,
With works of art and precious gems.
Then defiling lovely women
And slaughtering their very babes,
Shall sail away to Africa.
All the gold the Romans gathered
In a thousand years of plunder
Will be wrecked in a single storm.
Then he raved in tones of thunder,
Lifting both his hands up wildly,
Thus I curse the Roman people !

What a picture of deep vengeance,
A picture of unmeasured scorn.
Yet but one from out a nation,
From nations were most prominent,
Albans, or the old Etruscans,
The Aleman's or Tyrolese,
Men of Biscay or the Scythians,
Parthians or Numidians,
The Abyssinians or the Danes,
The Arabs or Palmyrians,
A thousand other petty States,
Most of them by Romans conquered,
Were not there or represented.
Who can recite the million pangs
And heart-burnings without number,
That wrung and writhed each human heart.
A mother from her children torn,
A husband from his faithful wife,
Children sold from one another,
Those who each other fondly loved,

And ere enslaved were oft defiled.
Some in Asiatic bondage,
Some in proud Rome or Africa,
While many Jews or Syrians brave,
Many Egyptians, learned Greeks,
Were blent with dark Numidians,
To crush down Britons, Picts or Scots ;
Just one year of Roman slavery,
With scenes debauched and brutal lust,
The lash, and worse, rude derision,
Soon broke a heart was sensitive.
Now came the haughty slaves
Ere they commenced their conflict dread,
Joining in one mighty chorus,
Each one in his native language,
Saluting with wild words of scorn,
They defied the Roman Cæsars.

CATALOGUE OF POEMS,

(PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED.)

BY JOHN GOODMAN.

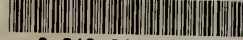
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